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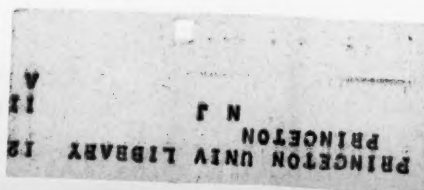
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Robert R. Cunningham



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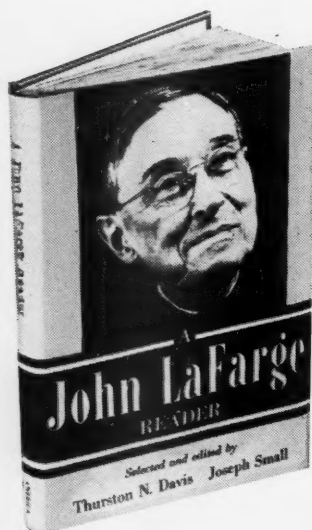
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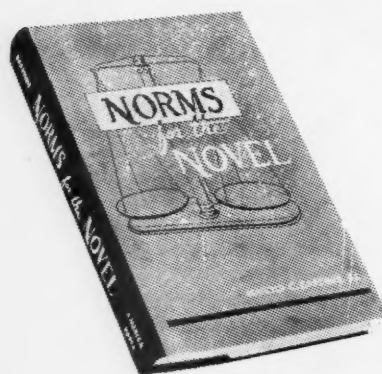
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National Catholic Weekly Review

Vol. XCVII No. 20 Whole Number 2518

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Correspondence

Red Generals

EDITOR: Two statements in the article headed "Kremlin Convulsions" on p. 414 of the July 20 issue bothered me a bit. You said that "Khrushchev, with generals on his right and left (Zhukov and Bulganin), temporarily rules the roost." This is slightly misleading, i.e., it implies that Bulganin is a military bigwig; the fact is that B.'s title of "Marshal" is largely honorary—he has never been a man of importance in the Soviet military.

The article also states, referring to Zhukov, that "the military mind . . . is immeasurably healthier and more human than the Communist mind." The fact is that it was Zhukov who master-minded the Hungarian massacre and gave the orders that it should be carried out.

Baton Rouge, La. WILLIAM D. WELLS

Begin Here

EDITOR: In her article on movie clubs (7/6), Sister Mary Aquin questions the competence of students and their parents to judge the artistic and moral values of movies. . . . One doesn't start a study club with a group of experts. One hopes that through study the inexperienced members will become less inexperienced. C. H. SAVAGE JR. Maracaibo, Venezuela

Background for Modesty

EDITOR: "Background for Sex Crimes" (AM. 7/6, p. 377) is an excellent treatment of what is one of our greatest current moral problems. Floyd Anderson's clear and direct exposition of the facts is of definite value to all teachers faced with the dilemma of "selling" modesty to our Catholic high-school girls and boys. Congratulations to Mr. Anderson and to AMERICA.

SISTER FRANCIS BERNARD, I.H.M. St. Louis, Mo.

Mass for the Fourth?

EDITOR: Fr. Graham's article on "Our Constitution and the Church" (7/6) was indeed a timely reminder of the gratitude that we Catholics of the United States should feel and express—particularly on our national holidays.

It is customary in many places to have a Mass of Thanksgiving on Thanksgiving

Day, and on Memorial Day to have a Mass for those who have died for our country. The Mass in honor of St. Joseph the Worker is gaining a greater acceptance for Labor Day. Should we not encourage attendance at Mass on the Fourth of July . . . and celebrate it as a very special day "For God and Country."

(MRS.) MADGE M. MISNER Pittsburgh, Pa.

Nuclear Weapons

EDITOR: In your editorial "Mr. Kishi's 'New Era'" (July 6) you commented adversely on the admission of nuclear weapons into the military defense system in South Korea. There seems to be a conflict between this opinion and the enthusiasm with which you earlier reproduced the then Atomic Energy Commissioner Thomas E. Murray's address "Morality and Security" (12/1/56).

It seems that the inconsistency stems from an uncertain distinction between

"tactical" and "strategic" operations and, as a result, an indefinite concept of "conventional warfare." Generally, tactical action is confined to the "battle area." The new strategic concept aims at destroying the enemy in the "heartland," in other words at destroying his economy and/or his ability to wage war.

If, as Mr. Murray stated, "a nuclear war can still be a limited war," the use of nuclear weapons will not change the strategy from tactical to strategic. The type of weapon does not determine whether or not a war is conventional. The distinguishing factor is the objective for which the weapon is employed.

This move to provide our tactical units in Korea with up-to-date equipment may be an indication that the Pentagon agrees with Mr. Murray's "middle course of a flexible military policy based on a rational and moral use of these [nuclear] weapons—in a limited way to achieve limited objectives." Our obligation is not to be prepared to wage conventional wars with out-dated weapons but to be prepared to wage both old-fashioned and new-fashioned war with modern weapons.

JOHN J. GALLAGHER, 1st Lt., USAF Peoria, Ariz.

Loyola University Press, 3445 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago 13

The Casework Relationship

Felix P. Biestek, S.J.

\$3.00

Social workers have always recognized the importance of the casework relationship. It has been called the soul of social casework, the principle of life that vivifies the processes of study, diagnosis, and treatment and that makes casework a living, warmly human experience. ¶ Because no conceptual analysis of the relationship has been available, the unfortunate impression was given in some professional circles that the relationship is a pseudomystical experience which only the initiated could understand. ¶ This is the first book in which a conceptual analysis is attempted. Its purpose is to define and explain first the essence and then the constitutive principles of the casework relationship. ¶ Such an analysis can help in the training of students and of an agency staff; it will not replace but rather enrich the intuitive approach to casework both in the classroom and in field practice. It should be equally helpful to every caseworker, however experienced, in the self-evaluation of his daily work. Occasionally every practitioner is forced to ask himself the disturbing question, "What is wrong in my relationship with this client?" It would seem that an understanding of the elements of a good casework relationship should be helpful to him in making an accurate diagnosis of that relationship which is "not quite right." ¶ The author, a frequent contributor to journals in the field of social work, is director of field work and associate professor of casework in the School of Social Work, Loyola University, Chicago. He is a member of the Psychiatric Section of the National Association of Social Workers and of the Council on Social Work Education. He conducted a number of workshops at annual meetings of the Council on Social Work Education and the National Conference of Catholic Charities. He served as chairman of the Curriculum Study Committee of the Council on Social Work Education, which in 1954-1955 studied the curriculum changes of all graduate schools of social work throughout the United States and in Canada.

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Current Comment

Don't Thank God Here

"God is great, God is good,/And we thank Him for this food./By His hand we all are fed./Thank Thee for our daily bread." Harmless verse? Yet these lines furnished the teapot for a current legal tempest in New Jersey.

According to that State's school law, no prayer, with the exception of the Lord's Prayer and five verses from the Old Testament, may be said in any public school. Until last March, the prayer quoted above had been said in Edgewater Park classrooms before lunch. Then a complaint was made that the principle of separation of Church and State was being violated by this public act of thanksgiving to God.

The State's Attorney General, Grover C. Richman, decided that grace before a school meal did violate the State statute forbidding religious exercises in public schools. Mr. Richman added that an interval of silence understood by the children as a time for grace would also violate the law.

Being personally in favor of allowing grace to be said by the school children, the Attorney General is having his staff prepare an amendment by which the State legislature may make it legal for children to thank God before meals in public schools.

This is another example of the absurd conclusions that follow from a blind application of the so-called principle of separation of Church and State. For further reflections on this topic, readers are referred to the editorial on "The Census Debate," on p. 498 of this issue.

Curbing Oil Imports

By deciding to give voluntary controls of oil imports a second chance—they were tried in 1955 and flopped—President Eisenhower temporarily stilled the sounds of civil war in the petroleum industry. That he has set the industry on the road to lasting peace, or solved a problem that affects the national security, is much to be doubted.

The trouble is, as was explained in

these pages some weeks ago (AM. 6/29, pp. 364-366), that the oil industry is not agreed on where the threat to the nation's security lies. The so-called independent producers, who have no sources of crude abroad, charge that excessive imports are the menace. The inflow of foreign oil, they say, discourages exploration and drilling to expand domestic reserves and thus exposes the nation, in the event of an emergency, to the danger of an oil shortage.

What the domestic producers call a menace, the big international operators, with rich foreign reserves as well as reserves here at home, regard as a blessing. It is to the country's advantage, they argue, to make greater use of foreign resources, because in this way we husband our limited supplies and keep them available for an uncertain future. At the same time, they add, we help our allies to develop their resources and become economically strong.

The President finally landed on the side of the domestic producers when a special Cabinet committee officially informed him that the swelling tide of oil imports was in fact a threat to the nation's security. On July 29 he asked the international operators to cut their import goals by 16 per cent, or face Government controls. If we know the oil industry, the President can start readying his controls right now.

Steelworkers to School

This summer about 7,000 steelworkers are again deserting their mills and fabricating plants for college campuses. For the twelfth year in succession the United Steelworkers of America is sponsoring a series of week-long labor institutes in cooperation with some 30 institutions of higher learning. The union calls this one of the biggest mass-education movements in the country.

What does the United Steelworkers hope to achieve by encouraging its members and officials to return to school? According to the June issue of *Steel Labor*, official union publication, the labor institutes were established to at-

tain several objectives. One is to familiarize new union members with the history of their organization and to make them intelligent and responsible trade unionists. Another is to afford union leaders an opportunity to become more proficient in their jobs. A third is to develop

... a wider understanding of the role of the unions in a complex, interdependent industrial society and to establish an ever wider realization, on the part of the officers and members, of the effect of union policies on society as a whole.

These are all very important objectives. They are among the objectives that the Catholic labor-school movement, in its own quiet way, has been pursuing for the past quarter-century.

Though the tangible results of these and similar programs may be hard at times to measure, there can be no question of their need and practicality. The future of this country partly depends on a trade-union movement that is not only honest but intelligent and informed as well. The growing realization of this by university administrators is, indeed, an encouraging phenomenon. As time goes on, we are confident that our Catholic schools will take an even larger part in worker education than they are taking today.

Shadowbrook Rebuilt

One of the major tragedies to strike the Church in the United States was the destruction by fire in March, 1956 of the Jesuit novitiate at Lenox, Mass. The old mansion had been the cradle of New England's Jesuits since 1923; it was picturesque, but crowded and makeshift. Its total fiery destruction took the lives of three priests and one lay brother. Grief over their deaths proved an added incentive to hasten the building of a new Shadowbrook.

On July 31, feast of St. Ignatius Loyola, Bishop Christopher J. Weldon of Springfield, Mass., officiated at the laying of the cornerstone of the new novitiate. Gov. Foster Furcolo of Massachusetts proclaimed the day "Shadowbrook Day" in the State in recognition of the Jesuits' services in New England.

A new Jesuit novitiate may seem a small item in the vast life of the Catholic Church in these United States, but

Shadowbrook is a symbol. For generations, religious orders have been "making do" with antiquated buildings, old mansions and the like. Today we are building to fit our growing needs—functional buildings designed economically but adequately for their specific purposes. And this new architectural age in the American Catholic Church has been made possible by the magnificent sacrifice of the Catholic laity. We used to call their contribution "the pennies of the poor." The sums raised today may instead be the dollars of the fairly well-off. But the new Shadowbrook, and its counterparts all over the country, are proof of the vitality, love and devotion of the great-hearted Catholic laity. When with fraternal love we salute a new Jesuit house, we are actually paying homage to the Mystical Body of Christ.

Whither Yugoslavia?

Following the secret Tito-Khrushchev meeting on Aug. 2-3 in Rumania, the State Department returned to the old game of guessing whether continued American aid to Yugoslavia was worth the gamble. Though there was no official reaction to the meeting, Washington seemed disposed for the moment to give Tito the benefit of the doubt. It was clear from the communiqué issued at the end of the talks that the Yugoslav dictator had reached certain agreements with Khrushchev. It was much less clear that he had rejoined the Soviet camp.

This hopeful interpretation was supported by the joint reaffirmation of the Belgrade declaration of June, 1955 and the Moscow declaration of June, 1956. Since these documents affirm the right of every Communist government to seek the goal of socialism as it thinks best, free from Moscow dictation, the implication is that Tito still insists on going his own way. This interpretation is supported, further, by several notable omissions from the communiqué. There was no mention of workers' councils, of the Hungarian revolt or of U. S. aid, though these were the aspects of Yugoslav policy that Khrushchev stingingly criticized during his visit to Czechoslovakia (AM, 7/27, p. 434).

On the other hand, the communiqué did speak disquietingly of removing obstacles to good relations between the

Russian and the Yugoslav parties, and of striving to strengthen "the unity of the international workers' movement." Does this mean that Tito is weakening in his opposition to the re-establishment of the Cominform?

Only time will tell. Tito and Khrushchev were on good terms, too, early last summer, and then came the Poznan riots and the Hungarian uprising. Will another explosion in the restless Communist world shatter their latest entente? Washington hopes so.

Persecution in Red China

For twenty centuries Christians somewhere in the world have been suffering persecution of one kind or another. Persecution has ranged from subtle forms of pressure to outright martyrdom. Those of us who live in a land where we are completely free to profess our religious beliefs may be inclined to forget that suffering for that belief is the badge of the Christian. If so, today's harassment of the Church in China will serve as a reminder.

Since 1949 some Chinese Catholics, clergy and laity, have suffered the more violent forms of persecution involving imprisonment and even loss of life. None have escaped the refined form of mental torture contrived by a Red Government whose aim is to set up a schismatic Chinese Church.

With the formation on Aug. 3 of a "Patriotic Association of Chinese Catholics," the faithful are being forced to choose between a seeming patriotism and adherence to their religious convictions. Their dilemma has been tragically spelled out in a series of questions recently put to Rome by the Catholics of China. "Are we," they asked, "irremedi-

ably condemned to be either traitors to our country or unfaithful to the Church?" The only possible answer is calculated to bring small human comfort to a tormented people. The Vatican replied: This very dilemma is the form your persecution has taken.

Latest reports indicate that, while the Reds have succeeded in setting up their "Patriotic Association," they have not yet been able to drive the Church into a complete break with the Holy See. As suffering members of the Mystical Body, the Catholics of Red China deserve our fervent prayers.

Mr. Gluck to Ceylon

Given the chance, Maxwell H. Gluck, Ohio businessman and new Ambassador to Ceylon, may prove to be the best of our diplomatic representatives abroad. But there is no denying the effect on public opinion of his recent questioning by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

Mr. Gluck's appearance before that body created misgivings about the manner in which our top-rank diplomats are chosen. He apparently had but two qualities to recommend him for the Ceylon post—a commendable eagerness to be of service to his country and sufficient wealth to have enabled him to contribute some \$30,000 to the Eisenhower political campaign. He showed little knowledge of Ceylonese affairs.

True, Mr. Gluck has had another day in court. It was not, as the press had reported, that he did not know the name of S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike, Ceylon's Prime Minister. He was simply unable to pronounce it, a failing for which a newcomer to Asian affairs may be excused. President Eisenhower has since heatedly denied that his appointee's campaign contribution influenced his choice. Moreover, a two-hour session with Mr. Gluck on Aug. 4 left Ceylon's Ambassador to the United States, R. S. Gunawardene, "favorably impressed."

The choice of an Ambassador is never easy. It seems that our highest ranking diplomats must be wealthy men because the pay does not compensate for the financial demands put upon men in such positions. But wealth cannot be a substitute for a minimum familiarity with what is going on in the world, particularly in so important an area as Asia.

AMERICA for Seminarians

Earlier this year we published a note about the 18 copies of AMERICA which go weekly to the U. S. seminarians studying at the North American College in Rome. We asked help in setting up a small subscription fund for the North American College. Thanks—to those friends and alumni who responded—for the help already given. We hope to hear from others who remember their own student days abroad.

EDITOR

To Victor Riesel Abroad

DEAR VICTOR: First let me say that on reading about the German doctor who says there is hope of restoring your vision, if only imperfectly, I uttered a prayer that the hope may become reality. My lips formed the prayer, Victor, but it was the heart that spoke.

No doubt you are being kept fully informed of developments here at home. After the public brawling at the San Francisco convention of the Bakery and Confectionery Workers, it was surely no surprise to you when the McClellan committee decided to find out what was cooking. The committee wasn't entirely successful, but enough came out to commend the Bakery Workers to the attention of the AFL-CIO Ethical Practices Committee. One of these days Chairman Al J. Hayes and his fellow committee members will be putting in for overtime. In very difficult circumstances they are conducting themselves admirably.

The committee's backlog is growing. Two weeks ago the old AFL Textile Workers was added to the list. Remember way back in 1952 when the Textile Workers' executive board cleared President Anthony Valente and Secretary-Treasurer Lloyd Klenert of misusing union funds? Well, the McClellan committee gave Valente and Klenert a chance to explain how, despite appearances, they had not used \$57,000 in union funds as down payments on their houses. They insisted they did nothing wrong. Somehow or other, their story failed to impress President George Meany. In his first appearance before the McClellan group, he called the 1952 decision a "complete whitewash." He referred the case to the Ethical Practices Committee.

UNREPENTANT TEAMSTERS

The Teamsters are still standing pat. After Hoffa was cleared by a Washington jury of placing a spy on the McClellan committee, the union asked and obtained a postponement of its hearing before the AFL-CIO executive council. It wanted more time to prepare its defense. Maybe it needed the time, but maybe it merely wanted to defer a showdown until after its September convention in Miami Beach. Almost everybody agrees with Hoffa that the delegates will elect him president in succession to Dave Beck.

Frankly, the outlook is disquieting. The AFL-CIO is a lot like the United Nations. It can lay down the law to little boys like the Distillery Workers, the Allied Industrial Workers and the Laundry Workers, but what can it do with a big boy like the Teamsters? No more, apparently, than the UN can do with the Soviet bully. Your colleagues of the press are speculating that if the

AFL-CIO suspends the Teamsters, Hoffa may coax the building trades unions to join him in founding a new federation. Some of the building trades leaders are ripe for revolt. Not only are they unhappy over President Meany's plan to resolve their jurisdictional fight with the industrial unions; they are disturbed by all this emphasis on ethical practices, as well as by the vigorous leadership Meany is giving. That wasn't the way things were done during the easygoing times of the late William Green.

SPOTLIGHT ON MANHATTAN

Much depends on how clean Hoffa emerges from the McClellan committee hearings in the New York mess. It would have done your soul good to have heard the testimony of young John McNiff of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists. The Senators really listened as he told how Johnny Dio and other hoodlums sold out Puerto Rican workers with the connivance of chiseling employers. Thank God, this scandal is gradually being cleaned up, with due credit to you, to ACTU and a few others. And the law finally caught up with Dio. On September 5, he will be sentenced for conspiring to sell labor peace to a couple of electroplating companies for \$30,000. With Johnny in the dock will be Max Chester and Sam Goldstein. Dio could get up to two years in prison and \$1,000 in fines. If Jimmy Hoffa is worried by any of this, he shows not the slightest sign of it.

What the McClellan committee would like to do, of course, is to substantiate charges of a tie-up between Hoffa and the mob in New York. In the smelly story that ended with Hoffa's Manhattan ally John O'Rourke as head of the Teamster Joint Council 16, there's a chapter that is still a mystery to me. Why did Martin Lacey, after fighting O'Rourke to a standstill in the first election, suddenly quit the race for council president without a struggle? Did someone at Teamster headquarters in Washington convince him there was no point in winning? Was he told that headquarters would promptly react to his re-election by sending in an administrator? Incidentally, I suppose you know that the Teamsters paid the lawyers' tab for the litigation that followed the first election. The bill came to \$48,000.

There's much more cooking, Victor, but that's all for now—except to add that when the New York boys get through invoking the Fifth Amendment, Dave Beck's devotion to his constitutional rights will seem downright tepid.

Cordially, as ever,

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

Washington Front

When Is a Principle not a Principle?

There has been considerable talk of "principles" of late both from the White House and from Congress. Everybody stands by his principles. There has also been considerable difficulty in distinguishing between an abstract principle and a principle as it exists in some concrete application.

Catholics in particular have always been plagued by this difficulty. I have known dozens of fine Catholics who would tell me that they, of course, agree with the social principles of the great encyclicals; but once you present them with a given principle in the concrete—a program, policy or law—they cry out: New Dealish, socialistic or worse! Yet no abstract principle ever saved society; only when it is translated into action does it have operative force. The Spaniards—Catholics or anti-clericals—have a saying, *todo o nada*: the whole (abstract) principle (in the concrete) or we'll all go down together. Much Spanish, Mexican and Latin-American history in general can be explained by this saying.

The same ideology permeates Americans, Catholics and others. After all, the slogan "separation of Church and State" is now being taken *todo o nada*: no possible accommodation in the concrete to be accepted.

All this philosophizing leads up to a tentative explanation of what last week I called the "enigma" of

Eisenhower. The President, in these last hectic weeks of foreign aid, school construction and civil rights, has been variously described as "vacillating," "doubting," "backtracking" and the like. He never would have won World II, if he were really that kind of man.

But now he's in politics, and maybe we can find clues in those extraordinary self-communings in which he publicly indulges in his news conferences before 250 doubting Thomases. He always insists on the abstract principle concerning housing, schools, civil rights, foreign aid, etc. There he is always right, as an upright and honest man. But his "team" must translate these principles into concrete legislation, within the limits of the possible.

Then comes trouble. Like so many Americans of every faith, he is tortured by a sense of guilt when he sees his principles applied in the concrete. He "fears," as he has so often said, that he has "compromised" the principle itself, when what he has done is to accept a part of the principle (the whole being at present unattainable) to be adopted into law, the rule of order and life.

The Holy See, after many centuries of experience, solved this problem long ago. Many a Catholic—German, English, Irish and American—has been scandalized by what he considered the Popes' compromises with the powers of darkness. The Popes preach principles always, but in given circumstances of time or place they have always been willing to accept as much as they could get of the principles in concrete form. Maybe it might be a good idea for Mr. Eisenhower, to rid himself of his sense of guilt, to study the history of the Papacy.

WILFRID PARSONS

Underscorings

THE SOUTHERN MESSENGER, oldest Catholic weekly in Texas, has been purchased by the Archdiocese of San Antonio. Beginning Aug. 15, it will be merged with the *Alamo Register*, official weekly of the archdiocese, and published as the *Alamo Messenger*. The *Southern Messenger*, edited by Henry J. Menger, whose family founded the paper, served as the Catholic weekly for the dioceses of Austin, Corpus Christi and Galveston.

► DR. TIBOR KEREKES, chairman of the Department of History at Georgetown University, has been appointed a consultant on Hungarian refugees to the Senate Judiciary Committee. Dr. Kerekes will spend the summer in Europe studying the present line of Communist propaganda among Hungarian

refugees and the treatment of the refugees by the various host governments.

► THE CATHOLIC PREVIEW OF ENTERTAINMENT, now rounding out its first volume, is a digest-size monthly covering movies, TV, recordings, books and the stage. (Main St., Carmel, N. Y., 25¢ a copy, \$3 a year)

► THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN WORKERS (JOC) will hold an International Youth Rally in Rome, Aug. 22-26. Some 30,000 workers from 75 countries are expected to attend. The U. S. delegation will number 215.

► SAN SALVADOR, El Salvador, will be the meeting-place of the eighth Conference of Central American Bishops in the last week of August. The 28 bishops

who are members of the conference have spiritual charge of 8.3 million Catholics in El Salvador, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua and Panama.

► THE APOSTOLIC CONSTITUTION *Sedes Sapientiae* of May 31, 1956 on the vocation to the religious life, along with the annexed General Statutes, is now available in the official English translation, which is being distributed by the Catholic University of America. (CUA Press, 620 Michigan Ave., N. E., Washington 17, D. C. 104p. Paper, \$1, cloth, \$1.50)

► A CREDIT UNION at Manhattan College, New York, loaned \$41,200 in the fiscal year ending June, 1957. The union was started in March, 1953 as an independent campus agency for the benefit of students and others connected with the college. President of the union is James M. Cahill, head of the college's department of economics. C.K.

Editorials

The Census Debate

The American Civil Liberties Union (170 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.) has just publicized some disquieting footnotes on the First Amendment. These ACLU stands were made known in an August 1 release on the so-called "religious" question ("What is your religion?"), presently being considered for inclusion in the Federal decennial census of 1960. Not only churches, but business and social-welfare groups as well, have said they would appreciate the information obtained through this question in the next census.

Last summer, in an earlier study of the topic, ACLU rejected—as everyone else did, too—proposed questions on 1) belief in God and 2) attendance at church or synagogue. But ACLU then saw no problem in allowing census employees to ask: "What is your religion?" Its statement of last year read in part:

If it is a reasonable use of Government money and manpower to determine the number of persons in a family who attend school, or to discover how many Americans own refrigerators, it would seem equally proper to determine the extent of church membership.

Now, however, asserting that to ask questions about religion or membership in a religious body would be contrary to the First Amendment, ACLU has reversed its position. This shift followed hard on a July statement of the American Jewish Congress, in which the considerable weight of this organization was thrown against the "religious" question (AM. 8/3, p. 462).

ACLU'S TWO REASONS

The reasons advanced by ACLU are connected with two First Amendment provisions: 1) "Congress shall make no law . . . prohibiting the free exercise" of religion; and 2) "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion. . . ." With regard to the first of these, ACLU contends that even a factual survey, when made by a Government official, might for some persons under some circumstances be an infringement upon the freedom of religion. As to the second provision, ACLU says that assembling information about religious beliefs would aid "some or all religious bodies and thus breach the 'wall of separation' between Church and State."

On the first count, it makes little difference to ACLU, we would guess, that when this "religious" question was tested recently in Wisconsin, popular reaction was overwhelmingly favorable. ACLU's concern centers on "some persons under some circumstances," for whom they say the question would be a possible source of offense or irritation. These persons might wish to con-

ceal their religious affiliation or might be discomfited by having to declare that they have no religious allegiance. From this consideration ACLU takes a big step to the conclusion that there is in the "religious" question a violation of the First Amendment. They take this step by grounding their interpretation of the First Amendment in an unhistorical and doctrinaire reading of that document that has lately been gaining currency. A host of consequences follow from the principle that ACLU would here like to read into the First Amendment. For instance, following the ACLU line, it would be equally a violation of the First Amendment to put this same "religious" question to a patient being admitted to a public hospital or to a boy at an army induction center! Incidentally, the Census Bureau is prepared to make it an entirely voluntary matter to answer or not to answer a "religious" question.

The second ACLU argument, that touching "an establishment," is like the first. Again one finds here a violation of the First Amendment only if he puts aside the entire tradition of the interpretation of that document from 1789 to 1947 and reads it through the lens of Mr. Justice Black's majority opinion of February 10, 1947, in the *Everson* case. Until Justice Black wrote that interpretation, (which scholars have dubbed "judicial tyranny"), our whole constitutional tradition contained nothing to support the identification of "an establishment" of religion with aid to "all" religions, much less with aid to all religions in "small" amounts.

Would the "religious" question in the 1960 census violate the First Amendment by "establishing" any religion or all religions? The answer is No, and the complaint itself, looked at under the light of U. S. traditions, is patently absurd. Suppose churches do benefit from the information. Are churches, but not refrigerator manufacturers, to be denied such help on the rigid grounds laid down by ACLU? As a matter of fact, Census Bureau Director Robert W. Burgess, in a reply to the ACLU statement, stresses that the information would be of use to—and has been requested by—business, education, social-welfare, housing and planning associations.

We may or may not have a "religious" question in the next census. If it is to be excluded, let's rule it out for better reasons than these. The ACLU arguments, once admitted in principle, would make religious affiliation a secret and almost a shameful thing. This line of reasoning would void laws which now provide chapels and chaplains for Federal prisons, hospitals and the armed services. Is that the way we want it? Decidedly not. But that is the way the ACLU policy points.

Italy Moves Ahead

Some of the best news from Western Europe in recent weeks comes from Italy, where for the first time since the war the Government reports a drop in the country's chronic unemployment. From January through April average registered unemployment fell below 2 million, and this despite the annual entry of 300,000 young men and women into the work force. All things considered, the Christian Democrats and their allies have done a creditable job of restoring production and controlling inflation after the disasters of the war. If the pre-war industrial production index is represented by 100, the index today stands at 237.

This achievement ought to be of some interest in this country, which generously assisted in the Italian comeback, and where one still hears uninformed talk of "Operation Rathole."

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

None of this means, however, that Italy, which lacks the resources to support a growing population, has yet succeeded in building a sturdy economic underpinning for her struggling political democracy. In a column distributed by the Hall Syndicate under a July 30 date-line, Clare Boothe Luce notes that despite the progress made, including some badly needed land reform, the Italian economic structure remains very much what it

was in Mussolini's time. There is relatively little private capital and property, and what there is belongs "to a small group of private capitalists and monopolists." It is not generally realized, writes our former Ambassador in Rome, that the state produces 85 per cent of the anthracite coal, 80 per cent of the pig iron, 65 per cent of the steel, and does 80 per cent of the shipbuilding. It owns 70 per cent of all natural gas and 40 per cent of crude and refined oil. It has traditional monopolies in matches, salt, tobacco and bananas, and is deeply involved in banking.

Mrs. Luce is hopeful that, if a war or a world-wide depression does not intervene, there will come about a "diffusion of economic power among the people, in the form of private capital and private property, not for the few, but for the many." As she rightly observes, so long as men have steady jobs and a free vote, the way is open to bring about the necessary changes. A great deal will depend, she thinks, on whether the trade unions exert their influence in the direction of spreading ownership. And this will depend, we might add, on how successful the democratic trade unions are in breaking the grip of the Communists and the Left-wing Socialists on the masses of Italian workers. After the revival of religion, the trade-union struggle may well be the key to the future of Italy.

Pity the Bus Driver

A boiling Brazilian and an inquiring reporter provide the material for this midsummer meditation. The Brazilian, a visitor to New York, was boiling because he had found—so he said in the correspondence pages of a metropolitan paper—that New York bus drivers were the rudest, crudest, surliest "public servants" he had ever met. The inquiring reporter asked some bus drivers what they thought of this criticism and of themselves. The bus drivers, boiling now as much as the Brazilian visitor, were naturally enough indignant in self-defense. But the picture the drivers paint of us, the U. S. bus-riding public, is not flattering.

Most of the bus-drivers' scorn is heaped, we are sorry to say, on the ladies, for whom the drivers will not join in the chorus "God bless 'em." The stout lady with parcels who blocks the exit, the slim lady with unruly children who busily buzz the buzzer, and all ladies who fumble in their purse for change after getting aboard come in for mild (?) excoriation from the drivers.

But all of us, men, women, New Yorkers or other urbanites, see ourselves when the drivers say that what irks them most is the attitude that public "servants" like themselves are really little better than serfs; they are supposed to have no more feelings than the coin

boxes over which they preside or the transfers they dispense. Tempers that would be carefully kept in check at home are given free vent against the driver, because he is, after all, only hired help, and if he doesn't like driving buses, let him get another job. Then he will be free, we may cynically tell ourselves, to snarl at other bus drivers.

THE LONG JOURNEY

Much ado about nothing? Well, not precisely. There is a matter of Christian consideration for others. You and I get on and off a bus, and we meet one bus driver; he stays there and meets thousands of us in a day's work. Perhaps he's surly at times because we treat him as a servant rather than as a fellow worker—or perhaps better, as a fellow wayfarer on the very same journey all of us, driver and riders, are taking.

One of the most horrendous pictures of hell we can imagine is this: a crowded bus on a sweltering day careening through eternity with its cargo of packed humanity and short tempers. If a trip seems like eternity to us, what must it seem to the driver, who has to put up with us? His "eternity" would be happier if we all would treat him like the man he is rather than like the machine he drives.

North and South of the Border

Robert R. Cunningham

A NEW SEASON of mass importation of migrant agricultural workers—"braceros"—from Mexico for labor in the United States is upon us. Since last season's influx, there have been any number of conferences and discussions on the problems this practice entails. Many suggestions for the improvement of the braceros' welfare and accommodation have been advanced, notably the promulgation by the U. S. Department of Labor of new and stricter standards of housing.

Among the various proposals was one emerging from the February conference of priests serving the Mexican migrant workers of California. This urged that existing laws be amended to permit workers to bring their wives and families with them for the period of their employment in the United States. This proposal was praised, and even hailed as "practical," by some in our Catholic press.

While the motivations prompting such an idea can be appreciated, it is difficult to understand how, given the concrete circumstances of the bracero situation, such a proposal would contribute to its improvement. Those who hope to achieve any practical results in improving the spiritual, social or economic condition of these migratory workers, or of any other group for that matter, should formulate aims only on the basis of a sound knowledge of the factors involved and after thorough consideration of them. Hasty or impractical proposals tend to discredit their authors in the public mind and to cast a cloud of suspicion on other worthwhile objectives that the same group might wish to promote.

RECRUITMENT PROCEDURE

How are the braceros brought into the United States? Several hundred thousand of them, up to possibly half a million, are brought from Mexico each year for temporary work on farms from California to Texas and northward to the Canadian border. The major period

MR. CUNNINGHAM, a Texan, has for ten years farmed 600 acres near the Rio Grande with the help of bracero workers. As a Catholic employer he has been "intensely concerned with their problems and with doing what I could for and among them." He has come to know the braceros, he thinks, "about as well as a 'gringo' can hope to know them."

of contracting is concentrated in a two-or-three-month period about May, June and July, when thousands are processed daily. As the period for large-scale contracting approaches, would-be braceros from all over Mexico descend on the three or four recruiting centers located in the interior of that country, in numbers far exceeding the quota needed. Admission to one of these camps is the first step toward the coveted economic opportunity of work in the United States.

Conditions in the Mexican cities where these recruiting centers are located become little short of nightmarish. Many, if not most, of these men have hoarded and done without for themselves and their families, and even sold all they possess, to get to the recruiting center and to sustain themselves until admitted. All along the way, while securing the necessary documents for admission to the recruiting center itself, they are mulcted by systematic bribery—the *mordida*, the "bite"—for which Mexico is notorious. To conserve their meager funds or because their hoard has been exhausted, they sleep in the railway stations, in alleys and doorways. Theft and crime born of desperation are a dangerous commonplace. Health and sanitation conditions are worse than menacing.

Those who gain entry to the recruiting center are given a preliminary physical examination, screened by Mexican officials and checked by the U. S. Immigration Service to eliminate as far as possible the unfit and the undesirable. Those passed are dispatched in special trains at U. S. Government expense to the bracero reception and contracting centers just inside our frontier. At this stage, the bracero is on the way to the United States and possible employment, but his employer and ultimate destination are still unknown.

There is nothing except an army mobilization center in wartime to resemble a bracero reception center during peak activity. Thousands of braceros are received, hired and dispatched daily. They are given a second, more thorough physical examination, including X-ray, by the U. S. Public Health Service. Those approved are selected and offered employment by waiting employers; contracting and admission are completed by the U. S. Department of Labor Immigration Service.

With the signing of the contract, the bracero is turned over to his employer to be taken by an approved mode of transportation to his final destination. His work

contract is for a specified period of from six weeks to six months; three months is more or less the average. Upon completion of the contract, his employer is obligated to return the worker to the center where he was hired, where he will be either rehired for another temporary period if there is a prospective employer waiting, or returned to Mexico.

CAN THE FAMILY FIT IN?

From this summary sketch of bracero processing, it is clear that any notion of including the bracero's wife and children in the deal immediately poses a number of knotty questions. For instance, when and where would his family join him? It is unthinkable that women and children should be subjected to the harsh conditions at the recruiting locations in Mexico. Moreover, to send them along with the braceros to the U. S. hiring centers would multiply problems and overload the processing system completely.

Once inside the gates of the recruiting center in Mexico, the bracero is constantly on the move. He is just as unaware of his destination until he gets there as was any draftee in World War II. Shall his family join him after he gets where he is going? Who is going to pay the transportation of his wife and three or five children from, say, Michoacán to Michigan? The bracero hasn't earned anything yet and the expense would be beyond his means in any event. It hardly seems justifiable to saddle this added expense upon the employer. And would the U. S. Congress ever consent to place on our benevolent Government, meaning ultimately the taxpayer, responsibility for the transportation of these non-productive non-citizens?

From another aspect, there is the problem of a million or two more persons crossing the border each hiring season. Every individual entering the United States for a stay must be checked by the U. S. Public Health Service, and it is hardly prudent to propose a relaxation in this protective requirement. But with the low state of public health prevailing in Mexico, particularly among the poor and laboring classes, it is likely that in not a few instances, after the almost prohibitive expenses of a trip to the border and providing an X-ray for each member of the family, one or more of them would have to be excluded on the basis of health and they would be faced with a heartbreaking return home.

Again, there would be the burden on the U. S. Immigration Service of seeing to the return of these families to Mexico. Under the present setup, thousands of braceros "skip" their contracts each year in order to remain in this land of promise. With any luck, they stand a good chance of avoiding detection for years or for the rest of their lives. With his family on this side of the border, and hence with one less incentive to return to Mexico, the temptation to the bracero to defect would be tremendous.

Apart from the problems of admission of these families, other questions arise. The bracero is fully insured against sickness, accident and death, the cost being borne jointly by himself and the employer. Families, too, would require medical care—incidental, obstetrical

and pediatric. Who would bear the cost of this care or of the insurance covering it?

The greatest stumbling block from a purely economic standpoint would be the problem of providing housing under a family bracero plan. This should be obvious to anyone with a passing knowledge of construction costs and the practical limits of capital investment. Employers are now required to provide housing according to certain defined standards for the braceros they employ. The construction and furnishing of barracks, kitchens, dining halls and sanitary facilities for the mass accommodation of 50, 100 or 300 single men represent a staggering enough outlay in itself. But the cost of providing a comparable number of family units would be more than our already overburdened agricultural economy could stand. Either those segments of agriculture dependent on bracero labor or the bracero program itself, if not both, would have to fold up.

DOUBTFUL ADVANTAGES

It is difficult, moreover, to envisage just what real advantages would accrue to either the bracero or his family if they accompanied him. A knowledge of the braceros' characteristics and background will help here. For the most part, they are abjectly impoverished, abysmally ignorant, wholly primitive spiritually and morally. If a whole family came to the United States, it would constitute a major upheaval in their lives. And this for the sake of a brief sojourn of two, three or four months. Their meager possessions might have to be sacrificed or jeopardized by being left behind. The expense of transportation and of maintaining his family at the much higher costs of our U. S. economy would take a major part if not all of the bracero's earnings. This would defeat the very purpose for which most of them come. It is doubtful, therefore, that the bracero himself would consider the notion of bringing his family along as practical.

Would morality be improved among the men if their families were with them? In view of the generally low morality that prevails among them in their native environment, this also is doubtful.

In Mexico the Church has long been proscribed and even actively persecuted. As a consequence, many of the braceros have never received any sacrament other than baptism. Many made their First Communion as children but have not received a sacrament since. Most of their marriages are invalid, being either merely civil or perhaps common-law marriages.

Here or wherever the bracero is, his adherence to



the faith must, of course, be encouraged. But it is in his homeland, with the regrowth of the Church in Mexico, that this spiritual renovation must be accomplished. The presence of his family in the United States would only multiply the burden of spiritual care for those few who are charged with this ministry.

A REALISTIC VIEW

Those concerned with the Mexican migratory-worker problem must look at the situation realistically. While the bracero brings with him many problems, his lot is so far superior to that of our own citizen migratory laborers of Mexican extraction that there is no comparison. Much of the attention now being given the bracero from Mexico could well be concentrated on improving the welfare of our own native-born migratory agricultural workers instead.

The bracero does enjoy a certain protection. He enters this country under a contract that guarantees him an adequate wage and a minimum of employment. He is transported without cost and must be adequately insured, provided for and housed. Not only the bracero and his employer are parties to the contract, but the U. S. and Mexican Governments as well, and specified agencies of both Governments are charged with seeing that the provisions of the contracts are enforced. Employers generally across the country are complying with the contracts, and complaints of abuses are decreasing.

True, the bracero undergoes a temporary separation from his family and home. But is this separation so

onerous? Much less so, it would seem, than that entailed by military service. For the bracero, this separation is voluntary, of much shorter duration, and works to the advantage of himself and his family. His wage for three days in the United States is equal to what he could earn in a month at agricultural or day labor in Mexico. The dollars he earns result in greatly increased comfort and even comparative enrichment for his family. It is significant that the amount returned by braceros to Mexico constitutes, after mining and tourism, that country's third-largest source of national income.

In general, it does not seem that it would be a bad idea to approach the problem as though the braceros were on temporary service, semi-military in character. Given reasonable safeguards for sanitation, health and comfort, it would seem that provisions for housing and care equal to those in a temporary military encampment should be sufficient. The social and moral problems that arise are those that exist with any large group of segregated men, and experience gained from handling such problems in our armed services should aid in handling them here. With the single additional requirement of ability to speak Spanish, the problem of spiritual care would seem to be similar to that of providing chaplains for the armed forces.

Such an approach might not provide a complete solution. But whatever we propose, let it be based on adequate knowledge and consideration. Otherwise we may find ourselves adding new complications to an already difficult problem.

Four Who Failed

Ann Conley

LAST WEEK, WHILE SHOPPING during lunch hour, I unexpectedly met a former neighbor, an old friend. My surprise and pleasure changed to dismay, however, when she told me that gay and charming Beatrice, who had been a constant source of joy and admiration to me since childhood, had been an alcoholic (secretly, of course) for a year and a half before her recent sudden death.

A necessarily hasty farewell and an afternoon filled with business details served as an anesthetic to the pain that overwhelmed me when I heard the shocking news. But that evening, when the full impact of the blow struck me, I raised my voice in protest to high heaven: "O no! Holy Ghost, not another one!"

The writer adopts the pseudonym ANN CONLEY to avoid identifying the persons about whom she writes.

Not another one? Yes, for then I knew that alcoholism had laid low four of seven women who, as little girls, had become friends about forty-five years ago. Three of the four are dead, and one is living most precariously. It is a terrifying thing to ponder, for sixty per cent is a formidable figure in any situation.

Perhaps you have jumped to the conclusion that these little girls were playmates in a so-called underprivileged neighborhood where violence, broken homes, drunkenness and careless parents were common. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The explanation must lie deeper than that.

If you are forty-five or over, just think back to your childhood or your adolescence. If you lived in a large city in the Midwest, it will be easy for you to recall the sort of environment in which we seven little girls spent our childhood and youth.

The ancestral roots of the neighborhood were Catholic Irish. The parents, native-born products of American schools, were fine men and women who were aware of their spiritual and civic duties. The street on which all resided was "the nicest street in town" in one section of an important metropolis.

We were three pairs of sisters and one only daughter. The financial status of our families varied from immense inherited wealth to my own parents' intellectual rather than great material possessions in their happy marriage.

As far as exterior appearances went there was not much difference in the manner in which the families lived. Each employed at least one girl to help with the household work. All but one had a summer place. The parents usually attended the 9 o'clock Mass on Sunday at St. Peter's Church, walking home in groups. Three of us went to Sunday school, as the other four, pupils at Sisters' academies, were excused from the Sunday sessions.

We all played together, for each of the four families had something to attract the others. It may have been a playroom, a collection of toys, a hired girl who told fascinating ghost stories, a side door which, always open, led to crackers or fruit, a large yard, a gymnastic apparatus, a pony and cart. At my home, we put on plays, for my parents encouraged flights of imagination, initiative and attempts at leadership.

GROWING UP IN THE CHURCH

To say the least, life was pleasant and uncomplicated in that street. First Fridays found family groups at Communion, and parish missions were important events. Fathers were happy and proud as they watched their daughters in church processions. True, one family had sorrow in its father's puzzling defection from the practice of his religion for several years; but after he returned to Mass and the sacraments, there was no apparent stigma or badge of shame on his daughters. Their great joy at his return erased all semblance of embarrassment.

Hard liquor never occupied a prominent place in any of the homes. It was kept on high shelves, and it was not a part of entertainment when children were present. Sometimes a bottle of beer was served to the father of a family at an evening meal. Drunken men were avoided like the plague when encountered on a street, and as for *drunken women*! They were horrors, but also pathetic figures for whom prayers were offered fervently and often. (Do you wonder why I ponder so sorrowfully?)

Safeguarded by wise parental counsel and fortified by church, home and education, these seven little girls grew out of adolescence into womanhood. Why did four of the seven stray so far from true happiness?

To be sure, as the girls grew older, there were disappointments, for what life is without its crosses? Yet the blighted hopes were not more oppressive in one case than in another. A broken engagement, two unfortunate marriages, extensive family obligations, invalid parents, the death of beloved brothers, the 1929 stock-market

crash—these were the major disappointments and sorrows in the lives of the seven. But there were many compensations—children, sympathetic families and friends, busy days, lucrative and satisfying positions, good health and frequent Holy Communion. All in all, normal American Catholic family life.

With these bulwarks erected by training, discipline, religion, happy homes and comfortable incomes, how could such disaster come to four bodies and souls in the last fifteen years?

SHIPWRECK

Edith was the first to cause us sorrow. Beatrice earned our deepest admiration as she cared for the stricken Edith until death claimed her. Not once did she divulge the extent of her ministrations, but she was always on the alert to prevent an unfortunate occurrence.

Next was Loretta, whom nobody could seem to reach. Even now, the remembrance of the tabloids' vulgar exploitation of her tragic activities and her equally tragic death causes shudders to those who loved her.

Dorothy, who is still alive, was the third to fall prey to the scourge. Her frequent unsteady progress through neighborhood streets on her way home to her patient husband and lovely daughter is in sharp contrast to the erect carriage she displayed, many happy years ago, in the Commencement procession, the day she was awarded her degree *cum laude*.

And now I have added Beatrice's name to those of Edith and Loretta in a special prayerful remembrance at Prime each morning. It is sad and bitter that the high aspirations of youth and its integrity and harmony should end in failure and ruin.

Outside the room where I sit writing these words is a mulberry tree whose branches, annually, are loaded with berries—red, unripened ones on the same branch with black, luscious balls. Who can explain why some will ripen for eating by man and bird, and some will fall unripened to the ground, there to be trampled and to die? They come from the same source, are fed with the same sap, warmed by the same sun, but not all of them fulfil the promise of spring.

Perhaps a part of the answer to my questions lies in that allegory. And another part is doubtless in the counsel of a wise and venerable prelate: "My dear child, don't you people ever think of original sin any more? God's grace is always with us but so, too, is temptation. It therefore behooves every one of us to pray constantly 'that the dignity of our human nature, wounded by our excesses, may be repaired by the practice of salutary self-denial.'" These words, recalled from the Passion Week liturgy, strike home with singular force to me now.



World Council Meets at Yale

Oliver Barres

By the year 1975, Protestants in this country may well have merged into one mammoth "United Church of America." The Congregational Christian and Evangelical Reformed Churches became a single organization this summer. Two separate Presbyterian sects will join hands next May. Everywhere within Protestantism a sense of the "sinfulness of denominationalism" is growing.

The success of this ecumenical movement, as it is called, is a 20th-century phenomenon. Its first impetus came from the embarrassment of missionaries in foreign fields. With the spread of late-19th-century imperialism, great numbers of these missionaries went out to Asia, Africa and the islands of the Pacific. They found that many of the heathen, being sensible people, would not consider the message of Christ until its disseminators agreed among themselves as to what that message was.

Reunion could not take place at the turn of the century because most of the sects still thought they had the truth and that it mattered greatly what a man believed. But they soon began to cooperate through interdenominational agencies on common matters of social work and missionary extension.

FROM DOGMA TOWARD UNITY

The past half-century has witnessed a triumph of the anti-dogmatic liberals, whose teachings generally led to the attitude that what a man believes is irrelevant so long as he leads a good life. To a great extent, the larger Protestant denominations now minimize theology, having fewer and fewer "required" beliefs for membership. Msgr. Ronald A. Knox sums up this development in a jingle:

Suave politeness, tempering bigot zeal,
Corrected "I believe" to "One does feel."

"Feeling" has superseded "belief" for many conscientious Protestants. Emotional satisfaction, psychological reassurance, happiness here below—these are what Protestant people increasingly seek through their churches. They are sincere and they love God, but regard questions about truth and doctrine as "divisive."

MR. BARRES, a convert from Protestantism, is on the faculty of Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart, Purchase, New York.

This non-dogmatic approach, together with the growth of Roman Catholic influence, has galvanized the cause of Protestant reunion. Its foremost fruit has been the Church of South India, which in 1947 united such seemingly dissimilar groups as Anglicans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists and Dutch Reformed. Many Protestant leaders now look for such a regrouping in America—perhaps even by 1975, though some would move the date toward the year 2000.

NOTABLES AT NEW HAVEN

The scene of the latest advance in this ecumenical movement was Yale University, whose Divinity School was host for three weeks to the chief leaders of the World Council of Churches. From July 15 to 28, twenty divisional and departmental committees met; and from July 30 to August 7, the 90-member Central Committee, steering group and governing body of the council. This same Central Committee met last summer in Hungary. In New Haven this summer it discussed, among other things, the use of nuclear weapons, and issued a statement suggesting that Christians urge their governments to suspend atomic tests for a trial period, "in the hope that others will do the same."

Among notables in attendance were the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, Lutheran Bishop Otto Dibelius of Berlin, Presbyterian Bishop James Newbigin of the Church of South India, Dr. Martin Niemöller of the German Evangelical Church, Bishop Barbieri of the Central Conference of the Methodist Church of Argentina, Uruguay and Bolivia, Metropolitan Mar Thoma Juhanon of India, and a host of other foreign ecclesiastical dignitaries.

Only three representatives were on hand from churches in Iron Curtain countries. From Dresden, East Germany, came Lutheran Bishop Gottfried Moth; from Hungary came Pastor Gyula Marakovy and Dr. Ladislaus M. Pakozdy of the Reformed Church.

The drama of opposition attack was added to this meeting of the representatives of 200 million Protestants and Orthodox. The American Council of Christian Churches, a fundamentalist (Biblical literalist) group representing 240,000 American Protestants, convened in New Haven to "protest" and "boycott" the World Council sessions.

Among matters discussed in the first week's session

of the World Council were the role of the laity in Protestant churches, the role of women and the proper attitude of the churches in face of political and economic evils. On the problem of racial prejudice Mrs. Frederick Patterson of Atlanta, Ga., charged that the churches in the United States, as a whole, "have failed to meet the greatest challenge they have faced in a hundred years—integration."

Prof. Chandran Devansen of Madras Christian College in India said that the world today represents "a triangular situation in which there is a three-cornered conflict and debate between the Western world, the Communist world and the so-called non-Western world—in which all three positions are not static but constantly changing." Having criticized the liberal democracy of the West, as well as the militant secular faith of communism with its "ruthless drive" for world domination, Dr. Devansen concluded that "the renewal

of the Church is bound up with the moral and spiritual readiness of the West for change."

The chief change toward which the World Council of Churches itself seems to be evolving is a change in the direction of unity. Dr. W. A. Visser 't Hooft, general secretary of the World Council, has written: "As we read the New Testament we discover, not many churches but only one church, one people, acknowledging one Lord." In the past fifty years Protestantism, which was formerly centrifugal, has become centripetal. As yet, however, few Protestant leaders realize that the unity they seek can be found only through submission to a divinely appointed authority. The challenge which faces them is more simple and straightforward than they realize. It is this: no Pope, no unity. The chief hope that the members of the World Council may find true unity may well lie in the prayers offered on their behalf by zealous and apostolic Catholics.

Prospects of the Catholic Novel

Eugene McNamara

IN THE LONG HISTORY of the Catholic novel, nothing is more germane, more pressing, more urgent than the problem of contemporary realism. Where does realism end and pornography begin? Where does the novelist's obligation to the reader end? In the aiming of the camera? In the development of the plot? Dare he retouch or crop?

These are important questions for any novelist, but crucial, soul-entangled ones for the novelist who is also a Catholic. He *must* come to grips with them. He cannot hide in the blinds of "experimentation," "groping," "early stages," "a beginner's exoticism," "youngster's brashness" or other euphemisms. No rationalizing for him. He must answer those questions, and honestly, to survive as a novelist and as a Catholic.

Among contemporary Catholic novelists, one whose attempt to fuse his faith onto the steely framework of the realist's technic is Graham Greene. Even the most cursory retelling of some of his works seems to reveal, in bare outline, the essential problem, the ultimate nexus of faith and framework, of quintessential spirit and gross flesh. How to reconcile them? Greene tries.

In *The Heart of the Matter*, Greene tells the story of Scobie, who was just and righteous, fair and honest—until he was overcome by concupiscence. Here desire and lust are presented in graphic, cold, bright outlines.

In the end, realizing that he would only go on hurting the girl, his wife, and—most important of all—God, Scobie kills himself, knowing fully that he will damn himself forever.

The Power and the Glory tells the story of another man, like Scobie, who is weak, who is called by God, called to the utmost, forced to the ultimate frontiers of the spirit, reduced to extremities, racked on thorns of flesh until the spirit purges free. The whiskey priest is forced to assume a role he no longer feels is true. Perhaps the title in the American edition (*The Labyrinthine Ways*) is truer to the message, echoing as it is with all the harmonics and overtones of the Thompson poem: the frantic flight of man from God and the steady, even, ever-present beat of the heavenly pursuer. And not even the flight into the twisting, involuted tunnels of his own soul kept the whiskey priest from God.

WORLDLINESS AND HOPE

All Greene's characters live in an atmosphere of the world—but a world troubled by its own worldliness. Scobie's wartime Africa, full of heat, malaria, theft, political intrigue, adultery, petty jealousies, anxiety and—the most terrible evil of all—boredom, makes a ripe, fetid setting for the ultimate sin: the loss of hope. A godless Mexico, a hostile, primitive, reptilian, antediluvian land, which is even more terrible, is even more evil than Pinky's East End gangsterism, Brighton garishness—the whole milieu of a sick and warped civiliza-

MR. McNAMARA is an instructor in English at the Chicago Division of the University of Illinois.

tion; more terrible because of its negativeness and its void.

Pinky's world, evil as it is, presumes, by its very state of disintegration, a time when it was better. There is even a note of hope in the wartime London of *The End of the Affair*. Just as the degenerate and arid atmosphere of *Brighton Rock* argues a time before when life was not so hopeless, so too does the ruined and blacked-out London remember times of peace, and hope lives in the midst of the drab austerity.

Now we are close to the heart of the matter. Hope lives, even in the midst of terror, hate, despair, death. Even in Scobie's suicide, the whiskey priest's flight, Pinky's nihilism, Sarah's helpless sensuality, Greene asks, is all hope gone?

Pinky, for all his nihilistic evil, is a *positive* force. Even in his depravation of the waitress Rose, in the murder of Hale and in his own death, his unwilling force for good leaves new life. God-willed?

Greene is like a man on a fence, who throws a ball into the air, turns to us brightly and asks: where will it fall?

Thus Greene's message. But it is with the form that we are concerned here. It is the method Greene uses that contributes to the murky atmosphere, the miasma of malignancy, the essential ambiguity of Greene's attitude. It is in the method that we find a puzzling problem. Does Greene work within the philosophic framework of any school, or does he take the structural tool of any method at hand to create his parables of despair and hope? Pinky's *néantisme*, the whiskey priest's deep sense of unworthiness, Scobie's dilemma and his "gratuitous act," suggest modern existentialism, Sartrean or not. Sarah's tormented desires are almost clinical, pathological; in a word, Manichean. Pinky's tout-world seems almost cinematic in its distorted realism, its emphasis on the terrible.

Thus, existentialism, Manicheanism, cinema-realism. But Greene seems to contain all of these and yet to be apart from them. He wanders in a lunar atmosphere of wastes and blasted landscapes, touching here and there, but ever insular, ever himself. The problem remains before us, unsolved, closed up, enigmatic.

CLARIFYING THE ENIGMA

Perhaps in the work of another writer, the American John Howard Griffin—who himself is unique, yet who seems to contain echoes of Greene's style or, perhaps, purpose—the enigma becomes clearer.

Griffin's first novel, *The Devil Rides Outside*, creates a tension between evil and good, between flesh and spirit, despair and ecstasy. An old French proverb, "The devil rides outside monastery walls," epitomizes the basic conflict in the book: the war between the forces of good and the forces of evil for one man's soul.

A young man comes to a monastery to do research in Gregorian manuscripts. He brings with him all his concupiscence, all his fleshly desires. Plunged into the routine of the monastery, into an atmosphere of asceticism, his flesh rebels, he becomes ill. He is forced to leave the rigor of the cloister to take a room in the village to re-

cuperate—a room in the house of Madame Renée, an aging aristocrat. Madame Renée is everything the monastery is not—worldly, materialistic, petty, vain, sensual, suspicious, with just a touch of viciousness and feline venom. She begins to involve the young man in a net of intrigue, an impalpable mesh of smallness. The monastery and Madame Renée become symbols: twin poles of attraction which pull in counter-tension. When the pull becomes insuperable, the wire breaks, the young man falls—into purity.

The work is brutal in its intensity, visceral in its images of flesh. But it is triumphant in the contrasting spiritual side, as, for example, in this meditation on the rising ecstasy of plain chant:

... not the joy of the obvious, but the far greater, more intimate joy of those who don't profess to understand the marvels of God's creation but who, rather, stand aside in awe, scarcely daring to breathe for the wonder of it. And it is, above all, the sideways glance of a people who are so much in love with this mystery as to be ill at ease, fearful of a gesture that might destroy the affection of their great love. The chant is an intimately personal expression like the surging of a pure joy within, a joy so profound it fills us with quietness, calling up tears instead of laughter or shouts.

But even here we encounter the problem of *seeing* the spiritual when we have only physical senses to see with. The rhapsodic atmosphere of the Gregorian music scenes carries over into the desire scenes (since we have only a finite number of words for such intangibles as "love," "passion," "desire,") with a minute fidelity to detail which echoes either Grunewald's *Temptation of Saint Anthony* or the lascivious leer of the sensualist. From the general tone of the novel and from the ultimate resolution, we can assert that the former is the genuine echo. One can see that Griffin is no sewer-realist. The carnal desires that rage in his hero are delineated with earnest and scrupulous care, with fidelity to fact, clinical exactness. The two places, the house of Madame Renée and the cloister, concretize the two-way pull in all men.

And the ultimate resolution is as real and glorious as Easter. Griffin does not show us these scenes as an end in themselves. No, with apocalyptic vision, medieval realism and the careful craft of his art, he shows us the dark night of the soul. But he also shows us the morning of rebirth.

There are no "interesting adulteries," no sexy-cute scenes, no romantico-sentimental pawings over lost illicit loves. Only the blunt and terrible fact of surging powers within us and the equally terrible freedom—almost existential in the way Greene and Griffin portray it—of the will.

FRONTIERS OF REALISM

In *Nuni*, his second novel, Griffin goes even further. An English professor is suddenly thrust into the primitive, pre-intellectual society of a Pacific island where all the exterior trappings of his civilized world mean nothing. But this is no Robinson Crusoe, no man-con-

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quering-nature stock plot, no impossible lotus-land of languor and forgetfulness.

The exile's roles of professor, husband, father, civilized modern man, nominal Catholic are all peeled away. Slowly, alone and in agony, he frees himself of the rest. Fear, pride, niggardliness, nostalgia, sentimentality—all are stripped away until only the essential man is left. But it is not the essential man of Paul Bowles, not animalistic, perverse, brutal. It is reduced to its very essence by love. Like Coleridge's mariner, Professor Harper loses his fear and despair and finds peace in his place in the world. In the realization that nothing earthly really matters, that all would have gone in time anyway, the man, in the forge of the island Nuni, becomes a saint. It is in *Nuni* that Griffin reaches the frontiers of realism.

And again we are at the crux, the heart of the matter. How can this essential message be delineated in hard and honest lines? Here is a pitfall, perhaps, for all Catholic writers. In trying to twist the subject matter to break the spirit free, they fall into the trap of the matter, are swallowed up in it. One is reminded of Cocteau telling Maritain that the artist must, like the exorcist, be reduced to extremities, must make his creations God-like. And one still hears the quiet voice of Maritain reminding Cocteau that art is, after all, for man.

Artistic purpose directs method; ultimate purpose is all. Henry James and Lionel Trilling put the art of the work as a primary goal: if the artist is honest, then the moral tone *must* follow. But what about the scene, taken out of context, read at random by a vulnerable person? Just where does the Catholic novelist stop being a novelist and begin worrying about the possibility of the reader's sin; in short, become Catholic first, novelist second? The novelist cannot shrug a noncommittal shoulder. He must answer.

Greene and Griffin are like men walking a tightrope, stepping carefully over the many-faced crowd of prejudice, false piety, all the sickness of lust, anger, pride. Theirs is a lonely journey. In this hard and terrible way they open the way for other novelists. But the responsibility is greater than the task, difficult as that is. Where can the Catholic novel go, now that the camera technic has been wrested from the hands of the blood-and-guts, hard-boiled writers, the extollers of stoicism, the death-cultists, from the gooey sentimentalists, from the fleshly peepers?

It can only go deeper into this land of harsh outline, terrible brightness, apocalyptic vision. Blunt in purpose, honest and plain, the Catholic novel has been saved from its peculiar "Catholic" pitfalls: chromo pietism, cheap plastic, machined saints, easy salvation. Now it must save itself from itself.

BOOKS

New Furrows in an Old Field

CATHOLIC COLONIZATION ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER

By James P. Shannon. Yale. 302p. \$5

A cozy cabin nestled beneath towering pines with a murderous savage leering through the kitchen window at the hoop-skirted bride, while the rippling-muscled husband slashes the brush from the south forty along the banks of the unspoiled creek—such is the image of the frontier rooted in Beadle's Dime Novels and brought to unforgettable bloom in wide-screen color movies. Fr. James Shannon offers no competition to this titillating tableau, for he is concerned with that too-novel commodity—truth.

Dogged research is manifest in this story of the businesslike colonizing activities of John Ireland, Co-adjutor Bishop of St. Paul. As fertile, cheap land on the Minnesota railroad grants was then available, the bishop's design of providing new homes and fresh hope for Irish Catholics, tyrannously oppressed

by English landlords, was entirely feasible. But one of the first disillusioning lessons learned by the ardent bishop-colonizer was that starving, disheartened immigrants from Irish cities did not become diligent, prosperous farmers on the Minnesota frontier. Unfortunately, too many came with the fixed notion that someone would care for them whether or not they expended any personal effort.

Actually 4,000 Catholic families settled on about 400,000 acres of land around ten rural villages and farming communities in five counties of western Minnesota during the decade 1875-1885.

In each of these towns a resident Catholic priest and church, and in most of them a Catholic school, ministered to the spiritual needs of the settlers. . . . In later years many of these settlers were to leave the land for the city, but the original settlements have remained to the present day vigorous Catholic centers. . . .

This résumé summarizes accurately the

substance of Fr. Shannon's scholarly book.

How western Minnesota was peopled and why the program succeeded become absolutely clear to the reader in the course of this work. Railroad and State advertising and the promotional work of Bishop Ireland's Minnesota Irish Emigration Society explain the numbers and class of new landowners. When immigrants direct from Ireland failed to measure up to the bishop's expectations, he turned to the modestly prosperous farm owners in States farther to the East, who were attracted by the cheaper land in newly opened Minnesota.

Dillon O'Brien, secretary of the Emigration Society, was the devoted lay manager of the bishop's Catholic colonization project. He and the bishop were one in making their spoken and written appeals to prospective colonists temperate, honest and realistic; this approach helps explain the small number of serious newcomers who were disappointed by what met their eyes upon arrival.

Another basic reason for success was the financial agreement that governed their acquisition of land. The bishop entered into contracts with various railroads in Minnesota whereby they reserved specific acreages for the people to be brought in by the Emigration Society. All property sales were made

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directly by the railroad to the individual person on reasonable terms.

Not even Bishop Ireland's unselfish effort to help people better their lot escaped sharp criticism, open and covert opposition. And these aspects of the venture, also, are treated with candor and fairness. Much of the same reflection should be made on the author's history of parallel colonizing efforts of Catholics in Nebraska, Virginia and elsewhere.

While this is not an exciting book, it is a very good one. Though the sweep of the title is misleading, this book does have the excellent virtue of breaking the sod, not just replotting a hitherto neglected corner in the immense plain of western expansion.

WILLIAM N. BISCHOFF

Why People Unionize

THE PRACTICE OF UNIONISM

By Jack Barbash. Harper. 465p. \$5

With a happy choice of words Jack Barbash writes that if the Government's policy toward unionism under the Wag-

ner Act was one of encouragement, its policy under Taft-Hartley is one of "containment." The anemic child has grown into a powerful man whose actions need to be controlled.

Nor is the Government alone in modifying its attitude toward organized labor. Many intellectuals who formerly fought for the worker's right to organize now discuss learnedly, and not without apprehension, such questions as the effect of union wage policies on prices, or the impact of big labor on individual liberties.

Obviously, we have moved into a new era, as the McClellan committee hearings emphasize, and a changed public attitude toward unionism is in process of gestation. Though salutary, this process is not without danger, especially for people whose thinking about labor tends to be molded on the run, so to speak, between yesterday's paper and tomorrow's headlines.

What, after all, is trade unionism? Why do men and women join unions? Why for the most part do they want the traditional forms of union security? Why the insistence on jurisdiction and job

control? How are unions governed and what makes union leaders tick? What are the goals of U. S. unions and how are these related to collective bargaining and political action? What is racketeering and why is it prevalent in some industries and absent in others?

To these and many other questions Mr. Barbash, with a rich background in the labor movement, offers fair and thoughtful answers. Though he makes no secret of his sympathy for unionism, he is not disposed to whitewash its defects or minimize its problems. Consider this frank observation, which occurs in the course of a discussion of "bigness" in unions:

I find it more difficult to defend what may well be an inevitable outcome of "bigness"—a bigness, perhaps, made necessary to cope with the bigness of the problems. I miss most of all the kind of personal humility—a consciousness of doing God's work, as it were—on the part of many union leaders that, for me, is a necessary quality of a humane government, whether it is a labor movement or any other kind. (p. 409)



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Far from dodging issues, Mr. Barbash devotes some of the most illuminating pages in his book to the cancer of racketeering. Even those who consider themselves well informed in this lubricious field can learn something from them.

To his dissertation on crookedness in unions I would suggest only one addition. Between racketeering and honest, idealistic union leadership, there is, it seems to me, a twilight zone in which a good many local labor leaders appear to be operating. Though these men do a competent job for their membership, they have superimposed on their trade-union philosophy a philosophy of money-making. This has led to forms of petty graft—"favors" and "presents" freely offered by employers or exacted from them—that in some localities and industries have assumed almost the status of an institution. The labor leaders involved in this messy business satisfy their consciences with the thought that nobody suffers from it—and nobody does, except the consumer and maybe the tax collector.

Those who are looking for a brief, candid, inside account of American labor today need seek no further than this

book. It is extensively documented, has a bibliography (from which some of my favorites are missing) and is indexed.

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

Brave Agnostic

YOU STILL HAVE YOUR HEAD

By Franz Schoenberner. Macmillan. 247p. \$4

A gentle, scholarly German writer, the last anti-Nazi editor of the satirical weekly *Simplicissimus*, was the victim of an unprovoked attack in these United States by a bully whom he had requested to make less noise. The assault left his body paralyzed from the neck down but did not impair his spirit or his intellectual powers; hence the title, suggested by the offhand remark of a nurse.

As Schoenberner says of himself, he had learned rather early in life the kind of inner discipline which naturally excluded any indulgence in self-pity or noisy complaints; hence nowhere in this work does he rail against either his assailant or his fate. In fact, one never

learns what happened to the man who struck him. The narrative is simply a recital of the thoughts which passed through his agile and ordered mind. Witty, knowledgeable and felicitous of phrase, the author is entertaining whether he is discussing nurses with "slightly misplaced maternal instincts," the "malevolence of inanimate objects," or the orderly who would playfully tweak his nose and say: "Okey doke, kid."

That the author is decided in his opinions, have no doubt; even to recount the extent of these opinions is an impossible task, for he ranges far and wide. Philosophy, history, theology, psychosomatic medicine, psychoanalysis—all come in for a treatment of sorts. A rationalist, the good doctor is also a gentle agnostic and, as a consequence, he has no fear of rushing into some places which call for a light tread. A minister's son, he apparently was well schooled in religious belief, but somehow his vaccination wore off and, in fact, he is quite scornful of intellectuals who experience religious conversion.

Apparently suffering made no great change in him and he dismisses any suggestion of its healing propensities. "Self-sufficing" is his watchword and he lives by intellect and by code—stupidity to him is one of the great evils.

One hopes there will be another book. It would be interesting to see where he goes from here. He finds fault with St. Augustine for regarding the innate gift of human kindness as evidence of the *anima naturaliter Christiana*; he thinks Augustine presumptuous in this regard. One wonders what he will think of us when we say he has a touch of that kindness himself; and we can't help wondering what he would be like if the gift of grace were also bestowed upon him.

Despite any fixed opinions he may have, he is apparently what the orderly would call "a very nice guy" and he has written a brave and interesting book.

FRANCIS J. BRACELAND

THE WORD

The Pharisee stood upright, and made this prayer in his heart, I thank thee, God, that I am not like the rest of men. (Luke 18:11; Gospel for the tenth Sunday after Pentecost).

There are two ways of looking down one's nose at other men. The first and perhaps more instinctive procedure is to despise others because of some sup-

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posed personal and individual excellence in one's self. Nothing, for example, makes a male so really obnoxious as serious attention to his own looks. The fellow who is tenderly convinced that he is handsome will be simply insupportable, though more than one young woman may be willing and eager to try to support him. The consciousness of superiority by reason of money can be not only offensive, but grotesque; and the snobbery of brains, because it will be more subtle, may well prove much more destructive.

The other method of despising people—the preferred or, at least, more shameless gambit in our day—is based on the assumption of *group* excellence. I am better than those three fellows over there (one is a cultivated Chinese, the second a Filipino surgeon, the last a Negro physicist) because, though I am a semi-literate hoodlum from a backwoods swamp, I belong to the class of white people.



Yet this latter is the kind of complaint which is sometimes leveled against the Catholic: he is secretly disdainful of all non-Romans or, at the very least, is irritatingly smug in his Catholicism. "I thank Thee, God, that I am not like the rest of men, Baptists and Methodists and Presbyterians, or like this Anglican here"; something of this sort is supposed by many to be the implicit prayer of the typical Catholic as he makes his way to noonday Mass on Sunday.

One wonders if there be any substance in actuality which might throw this shadow of Catholic snobbery upon non-Catholic minds. Surely the sensible, sincere son of Holy Mother Church will realize, first, that his faith is a sheer gift of God, and second, that term *Catholic* is not necessarily coextensive with the far more elusive phrase favored by our Lord, the *elect*. Without for a moment sitting in judgment on anybody else, the Catholic must be altogether convinced that for him there is no salvation outside the Church. But he will not thereby underestimate the authentic efforts he must steadily put forth in order to find salvation in the Church.

A modicum of reflection on the parables of Christ our Lord may be found instructive in the present connection. The laborers who are sent into the vineyard are sent there to labor. The invited



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LAS Liberal Arts and Sciences

C Commerce

D Dentistry

Ed Education

E Engineering

FS Foreign Service

G Graduate School

IR Industrial Relations

J Journalism

L Law

M Medicine

N Nursing

P Pharmacy

S Social Work

Sc Science

Sp Speech

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AROTC—Army

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wedding guests must yet be fittingly garbed. Even in the field of fine wheat the noxious weeds spring up which must finally be tied in *bundles to be burned*.

Everyone, no doubt, feels the periodic need, in itself pitiful, to look down on someone. Let us Catholics be particularly wary of Catholic snobbery. It is impossible to handicap, with any accuracy, that race of which St. Paul speaks—the race for an everlasting crown.

VINCENT P. MCCORRY, S.J.

RECORDINGS

About fifteen minutes of sophisticated humor are provided by George Feyer on side 2 of his *Echoes of My Fair Lady*. Briefly, he gives us on piano his ideas of how Bach would have written "Wouldn't it be lovely," how Mozart would have handled "The rain in Spain," and how Verdi would have marched to "Get me to the church." It is an old trick, of course, but produces some good chuckles. The first side offers the full Feyer treatment to the ten best tunes from the show (Vox VX 25340).

Howard Hanson continues his crusade for contemporary American music with a diverting recital of four festive works inspired by folk songs and dance rhythms: McBride's *Mexican Rhapsody*, Nelson's *Savannah River Holiday*, Mitchell's *Kentucky Mountain Portraits* and Vardell's *Joe Clark Steps Out*. Healthy extrovertish fare for this time of the year, played to a turn by the Eastman-Rochester Orchestra (Mer. MC 50134).

Other contemporary music appears on two new Victor releases. Shostakovich's talent has from the beginning turned to the symphony. His latest effort in this genre, *Symphony in E Minor* (No. 10), has been accorded a better reception than several of his previous ones. It is a rather sombre affair, with some moments of genuine self-revelation—notably the typically defiant scherzo—but I cannot escape the feeling that the composer at times loses his way. Certain passages are strongly reminiscent of ideas exposed in previous works. The reading by the Philharmonic under Efreim Kurtz is exemplary (LM 2081).

Bohuslav Martinu's *Fantaisies Symphoniques*, a large-scaled orchestral work, was, like Walter Piston's *Symphony No. 6*, commissioned for the 75th anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. But these are far more than *pièces de circonstance*; both seem to offer promise of long life. They are not

"vanguard" works; there are no atonal shenanigans here. The harmonic idiom of Piston is the more astringent of the two, while the uninhibited exuberance of Martinu places him as a 20th-century cousin of Dvorak. The renditions by the Boston men under Charles Munch are excellent (LM 2083).

Sylvia Marlowe appears as soloist and integrating force in strongly persuasive performances of Haydn's *Concerto for Harpsichord & Orchestra in D*, and Bach's *Concerto in D Minor*. The Concert Arts Chamber Orchestra provides the ensemble work. The bright recorded sound, the thrust and conviction of the performing artists, and the continually bubbling music make this a rewarding experience indeed. Listening to this sort of thing, one wonders why the harpsichord ever fell into disuse. (Cap. P 8375).

An agreeable package of Falla's music—*Nights in the Gardens of Spain* and dances from *Three Corners Hat* and *La Vida Breve*—is offered by Robert Casadesu and the New York Philharmonic under Mitropoulos. The Spanish impressionism of *Nights* is treated with fine insight by the soloist; the sparkling tonal colors and varied shading bring the music to delicate life (Col. ML 5172).

Leopold Stokowski makes his debut on the Capital label with a hi-fi demonstration disc called *The Orchestra*. The four choirs of the modern orchestra are presented individually and then in combination with one another. Music of Dukas, Barber, Vaughan Williams, Moussorgsky and others is used for the exhibition. Stokowski coaxes the best out of the men under his baton. (Cap. SAL 8385).

Recent choral releases include an effective performance of Brahms's *Song of Destiny*, coupled with the lesser known *Psalm XIII* of Liszt; the latter has its fervent moments, but sounds pretty windy to my ears. Beecham leads the Royal Philharmonic and the Beecham Choral Society. (Angel 35400). The Solesmes monks present one of the finest in their series of Gregorian Chant records, the Mass propers for Corpus Christi and Pentecost. The relaxed, effortless delivery of this calmly flowing music is remarkable. (Lon. LL 1463).

And finally, a wholly satisfying reading of Palestrina's popular *Missa Brevis*, done by Felix de Nobel and the Netherlands Chamber Choir, deserves high commendation. Shorter pieces by Palestrina, Bach and Handel are on the verso side (Epic LC 3359).

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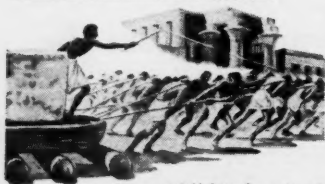
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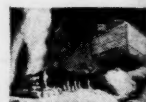
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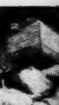


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